

Sure Fire Winners

by The Wandering Muse

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Summary: A companion piece to Sweet Cruelty. Caroline Forbes was a girl who dreamt big. She had her life all planned out until Damon Salvatore walked into her life. And just like that, everything was suddenly different.

1. Chapter 1

****A/N:** It's a companion side story to my main series, Sweet Cruelty. This chapter begins immediately after chapter 29 of Sweet Cruelty.******

* * *

><p>Fighting to survive,<p>

She lies there on a bed not of her making,

Alone and defenceless.

He slips inside during the night,

With one cruel intention.

One flat line,

One spark of life obliterated.

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_She had heard a noise coming from behind and spun to discover it was just wind rattling the trash cans. He appeared out of nowhere and Caroline Forbes nearly screamed. Keys clutched tightly in her fist pressed against her chest as she inhaled a surprised squeak. He had

dark, mesmerizing eyes and a smirk plastered on his face._

"_Sorry. Didn't mean to scare you."_

"_No. It's fine. I was hoping I would see you again."_

"_I know."_

There was a more noticeable smirk widening at her statement. She couldn't resist grinning back. What else could she have done? If she had an inkling that he would be her downfall, she would have stayed far far away.

"_Cocky much."_

He smirked in agreement. "Very much."

He ended up in her room and on her bed, pleasuring her from below. Each breath she inhaled was accompanied by a soft gasp. Her back arched in content while her toes curled. His body rose up and Caroline blinked into eyes black as coal, with dark veins creeping from beneath. Sharp fangs elongated from his teeth and goes down on her throat.

A guttural scream tore through her like a giant shard of glass. Her pulse weakened as she felt him piercing her delicate flesh, sucking life out of her.

She must have passed out after that, because when she came to, it was already the morning after. There, next to her, lay Damon Salvatore sound asleep. One glance at her standing mirror told her everything she needed to know.

It wasn't a dream.

She had dried bloodstains on the side of her neck.

Caroline swung her body towards the side of the bed and padded stealthily across the aging floorboards. She avoided the tiles she knew would definitely make one hell of a noise. Halfway through, she turned back to the bed and heaved a silent relief. He hadn't moved a muscle.

When she reached the bedroom door, her fingertips graze the copper knob and she started to turn it infuriatingly slow. It creaked.

She glanced back and discovered the bed empty. Freaking out, her head turned the other way and she jumped back with a hitched gasp.

"_Did I say you could leave?"_

Her hands clamoured on any objects nearby the bedside table and catapulted them one by one at Damon. Some of the objects missed him completely; others came close to hitting him but all he did was duck and turn his body slightly.

Caroline grabbed the table lamp and unplugged the cable wire, holding it threateningly above her head.

"_Don't do that."_

She smacked him with it, but it didn't do anything. Damon just stood there, amused. There wasn't anything else to throw. She was running out of items to chuck, except the pillow. Without thinking, she grabbed it and flung it at his head.

"_Get away from me!"_

He caught the pillow with both hands and paused to take a whiff. Dark veins emerged and fangs elongated as he advanced towards her.

"_This could have gone a lot differently, you know."_

_A-__

"_You make me crazy, you know that."_

Damon circled around her, like a vulture to its prey. He stopped right behind her and she felt his chin resting on her left shoulder, before moving to the side of her face and kissing her cheek. The weave of quiet assurance of words covered her ears as his hands run down her arms and before latching on to her hips.

She felt the familiar rush of penetrating pain in her scarf-covered neck but stood still. The sweet siren of calmness flowed through her veins, caressing her lungs and settled deep inside her heart, filling her with a nostalgic, contented happiness that she had no memories of having felt before.

The next thing she remembered was finding herself lying on the grass in the middle of the field, away from the party. Alone and confused, Caroline picked herself off and dusted any stray leaves on her clothes. A glint of topaz captured her eye and she bent down to scoop the elliptical object nestled on top of a piece of black fabric.

It was the talisman Damon gave her earlier. She was supposed to do something but the details eluded her fuzzy memories.

_A-__

"_Go away Damon," Caroline hissed in annoyance._

"_Remember all the fun times we used to have, before you got all boring?" He called out, much to her chagrin._

Of course she remembered. It was great - scratch that; they had some fantastic sex. He knew all of her inside and out. Legs spread wantonly open to his pleasurable ministrations. On her hands and bended knees, the bed dipping with his added weight prowling towards her with a curled grin and a dripping hard cock.

They did it in every imaginable crook and cranny of the boarding house. She doubted there was even a spot left untouched. However fun it had turned out to be, there was always the other parts that had made her feel used and dirtied. Like a whore.

Damon wagged his brows at her. "What do you say, Caroline?"

Her saviour comes in the form of kind, protective Elena Gilbert saving the day from the big bad wolf. One glare was all it took. He left them alone. All because Elena said so.

Everybody listened to her. It wasn't fair. She got used as a blood bag while Elena twirled around the Grill with both brothers following, never too far behind. Caroline wanted to stomp her feet on the ground like a little girl throwing a tantrum.

But she couldn't because Elena is too selfless and compassionate. The complaint never made its way out because Caroline is, once again, floored by her best friend's action of tying her vervain bracelet around her wrist with a gentle smile.

"_He can't compel you again, Caroline."_

_A-__

"_What the hell is that?"_

Strapped in the passenger seat, Caroline watched a streak of fireworks cutting through the black sky, each drawing a pattern. She turned to Tyler with furrowed brows. "What's the matter?"

"_That noise. Can't you hear it?"_

She wasn't sure if he was playing a joke on her. It wouldn't be the first time; nor the last. He took one hand off the wheel to clutch the side of his head, face scrunching up in pain.

_No. Not a prank then. _

"_Tyler?"_

He yelled and the other hand that was on the steering wheel flew up suddenly. The car swerved and Caroline tried to grasp onto the wheel which proved to be rather difficult with all the swerving and Tyler's pained howl.

As it was, she barely had time to scream before the air bags knocked her back. The car hit a barrier and flipped. Darkness swallowed her whole.

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Child,

Take your first breath,

A new day begins.

A fresh page is yet to be written,

And in the silence,

Her heart beats.

* * *

><p>AN: Let me know what you think. Have a wonderful day!~**_

2. Chapter 2

Chaos reigns in her head. Like a great rush of water, memories hit her brick after brick.

Why now? What changed?

Caroline moves to yank the colored wires running out from inside of the hospital gown, only to be stopped by a nurse bustling in through the sliding door. The lady, wearing light blue scrubs and tennis shoes, informs her that she had been in an accident and that she is in good hands.

If that's the case, why does she still feel sick? It's not the typical kind of 'coming down with something' sick, but a constant pang of a weird, sticky feeling coming from her gut.

Another nurse drops by with a tray filled with hospital breakfast food. It smells unappealing as she downs it, though the orange juice washes everything down her esophagus.

Something feels wrong. This strangeness unsettles her as she fidgets uncomfortably under the blanket. It's not the sheets or the flannel. Her pillows are cushiony and she can see more people are walking in and around the waiting area.

It's her stomach that is growling for more. She's still hungry after the greek yogurt, eggs and bacon. A coppery twang wafts in through the tiny slits of the sliding door connecting against the metal frame. The tiny speck of red blood cells intertwined with leukocytes and thrombocytes ignites a burning sensation in every fibre of her core.

Swallowing compulsively from the excess saliva that has her mouthwatering for more, Caroline shifts in the makeshift cot. She hears the shuffling of shoes squeaking against the tiled floor; indistinct conversations made by the nurses chatting by the counter whilst filling the charts suddenly becomes clear as if she were standing right next to them.

Steady beats echo in her ears like different drums are playing at different tempos. They thunder in the background, causing Caroline to cover her ears with both hands. The noise doesn't cease. Instead they only serve to batter in like crashing waves.

"Make it stop!"

She thrashes against the cot handlebars raised up by a foreign pair of arms in her line of sight. She hears scrambling footsteps pour into the room with nameless faces in white coats she can't quite identify. Someone stabs her in the arm and Caroline feels a sense of time slowing down.

The beating of drums gradually fade out as she lies in the cot with a dreamy, loopy smile. The world becomes a blur and random images seem to float aimlessly around the pool of her thoughts. One image comes to her, unfolding itself as though she was watching it in low resolution.

Right opposite her room and with a clear vantage point, Caroline sees a bald patient sitting on the bed, staring back at her with fear in his eyes. He coughs and splutters specks of blood. Red thick blots drip from bloodstained lips and fingers, splashing onto the hospital gown and sheets, staining them with color.

Confusion blossoms in her heart as the scent of blood disperses from the confines of the room. In moments, she acquiesces to the soft mattress and the warmth of the sheets. Her eyes flutter shut and she retreats into the wallowing blackness.

-A-

Contrite and relieved smiles greet Caroline when she comes to. Her friends are present with her mother, with the exception of Elena and Bonnie. She dismisses the thought of being abandoned. They're both probably busy, she tells herself.

The doctors are astonished that she had made a full recovery during the night. She doesn't miss one of the doctors frowning at the charts and then forcing a thin smile at her mother, before slipping away. Discharge papers get signed whilst a clear plastic bag of clothes are handed back to her.

She excuses herself into the bathroom to change into yesterday's attire. A thin bracelet of simple twine slips out in between her fingers and floats it to the ground. She sees it so clearly without needing to squint.

Her hand catches it in mid air as time slows down in this moment. Elena's vervain bracelet tingles uncomfortably in her open palm. She shoves it into her purse instead and focuses on smoothing invisible wrinkles off her dress.

It's nothing. Just me and my paranoia.

-A-

Dread creeps down Caroline's spine like a careful spider leaving a trail of silk. She can feel its feet on her skin, descending until she is frozen to the spot. Her mother unlocks the front door and steps inside. Matt passes her by, tossing her an encouraging smile as he hefts a carton of groceries and some stuff from the trunk.

Caroline watches the pair working in sync as they tidy up the living room. She puts one foot in front of the other and keeps going until the entrance is within reach. Her foot collides into an invisible barrier. There is an odd shimmer preventing her from entering.

She is trapped.

No way in.

Her stomach is full of lead; her feet are set in concrete; her mind is worryingly blank.

"Why are you still standing there, honey? I know the place is really messy and not to your standards. It's just been a few crazy nights so I haven't had the time to clean..."

Her mother's rambling washes over her, placing a sense of calmness amidst the troubled thoughts. Caroline forces a strained smile and glances up at the sky from behind. Although there are clouds, she could still see the sun shining brighter than she ever knows.

"Are you waiting for an invite, Care? Come on in," her mother states in exasperation.

Experimentally, Caroline flexes her foot towards the unknown force and lands firmly past the threshold. Whatever was blocking her from entering vanishes like magic.

"Are you sure you're feeling alright?"

She shakes her head.

"Just tired."

Because telling her mother the alternative would just turn disastrous.

-A-

No matter the distance, her attraction of blood remains constant. Caroline doesn't bother fighting against the pull as she towers over her victim in the devastatingly empty parking lot. She hears the sweet music of his heartbeat singing in her ears and revels in the beautiful rhythm.

Elongated fangs rip his carotid into two splices, allowing the gushing blood to flow like water from a garden hose in a steady but dying tempo. She never felt so alive. It was certainly better than one more puff.

The wind runs its icy fingers through her hair as she grins through bloodstained lips. This is where she is supposed to be; not hiding in her room feeling sorry for herself.

They'd come looking for her soon, but for now it was just her, the wind, and the spilled pool of scarlet under the street lamps.

End
file.